train. Three men jumped out of our ambulance car. One of them, in a military overcoat with a red armband, shouted, "All power to the Soviets! What in hell is going on here?"

An angry voice replied, "You blackguards have kidnaped the commissars from Tichaya."

"You are a liar," yelled the man with the red armband. "I am the commissar of Tichaya, and here are my comrades."

Then we were permitted to continue our journey.

At the Kavkazskaya station we found two committees, one countermanding the orders of the other. We were told that Cossacks had cut off the road southward. The troops assembled around the station did not know what to do—to attack the foe, await his attack, or retreat. We were ordered to surrender all arms, but we had none. Then the commander of the local troops offered to provide our men with arms if they would join his outfit and march against the Cossacks. The Georgians agreed to form a commando of some hundred and fifty men, provided that the station authorities would guarantee the security of our train with the women, children, and sick. They were confident there were no Cossacks in front and, if there were, they would make a deal with them and regain the train. At the last moment, however, the station committee decided it would be safer to get rid of the Georgians and we were ordered to proceed.

After that we zigzagged, trying to avoid the principal cities, often retracing our route. South of Rostov, not far from the Black Sea, we lost our train, for soldiers at a small station, after inspecting the cars, declared, "We can use a medical train in the civil war. Get out quickly!" They generously offered us five passenger cars and safe-conduct to the nearest port on the Black Sea, Tuapse.

The broad avenue leading from the railroad station of Tuapse to the harbor was packed with soldiers. But, despite the display of rifles, machine guns, and cannon, it looked like a country fair, peaceful and gay. Merchandise of all kinds was piled on the green lawns and under the trees lining the avenue. Local people, men in white shirts and women in bright dresses, mingled with soldiers.

A regiment from Trabzon, on the southern shore of the Black Sea, had landed the day before, bringing with it a portion of supplies that had been stored at the front. Each regiment had had a choice of selling its share to the Turks in Trabzon or taking it away. The goods brought to Tuapse had been divided evenly among the twelve companies, and each of these distributed its share among the men. Now everybody was selling his merchandise to the civilians. Prices were reasonable: a machine gun for two hundred paper rubles, a field cannon for two thousand rubles. With the paper ruble worth five kopeks, this was a bargain. The soldiers boasted they were selling fairly. I saw